

The Evening World

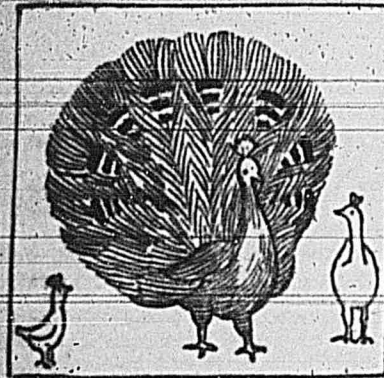
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THE GORGEOUS SEX.

The Merchant Tailors' National Convention has been holding its sessions this week at the Hotel Astor. Its proceedings are not receiving the public attention which they deserve. Like philosophers or college professors, the merchant tailors discuss their doings more as an art than a trade. For instance, the first paper read was entitled "Clothes and Tailoring as Civilizing Influences."

In this paper it was asserted that tailors are the men responsible for "distinguishing civilized conditions from primitive savagery." It was also pleaded that men should dress more in colors, that they should allow themselves to be guided more by their tailors and that the sombre appearance of masculine dress would be greatly relieved and improved by the use of silks, pearl and brass buttons, variegated colors and scenic effects. This appeal of the tailors is addressed to the wrong sex. Not men



but women are responsible for the monotony of men's attire. The so-called full-dress suit, which Bernard Shaw calls the great badge of democracy, with its expanse of white shirt front, the white lawn tie, the ostentatious black and the rest of it, are the best foil and setting for women's evening gowns. If men were to wear plum-colored coats, cerise shirts, rainbow neckties and trousers to match, what would become of the effect of the expensive costumes of the women with them? Perhaps the man might outshine the woman. More likely his attire would be discordant with hers. She would either have to dress him to match, like her lapdog, or there would be a sartorial clash.

It is against the precedents of nature for both sexes to array themselves gorgeously. Among the lower animals it is always the male who is resplendent. The plumage, comb and wattles of the rooster far outshine the subordinate hen. The peacock wears the plumage for the whole family, and the peahen is content to shine in his reflected glory. The male lion has the more luxuriant hair and the stronger voice.

Only civilized man, of all forms of animal life, is second in splendor of appearance and vocal powers to the female of his kind. Among savages the men bedeck themselves with nose-rings, earrings, gowgaws, plug hats and other articles of adornment. The male Indians wear feathers, while the women drudge.

The tailors should point out that the most marked proof of the outward changes wrought by modern civilization is the universal monotonous conformity of men's apparel. As late as the eighteenth century men sought to deck themselves out attractively. They had hairdressers who platted their pig-tails and powdered the locks of gentlemen of fashion. White silk stockings were then worn more commonly by men than by women. Diamond shoe buckles, gold buttons, lace and jewelry were all fashionable with men. Instead of the stiff linen collar, men's necks were covered with expensive ruchings. Waistcoats were made of ornamental velvet plush, such as dowagers wear to-day.

The important fact which this change of attire betokens is the reversal of sex relations. In all the lower orders of animals the male pursues the female. The males fight among themselves for the females' favor. Whether in a herd of elephants or buffaloes or among domestic fowl, the most resplendent male found most favor with the other sex.

So it was in the human race until the last two centuries. At the times of the Crusades the women waited for the victor. In the times of the Georges women yielded to the charms of the most dazzling courtier.

The pursuit of women by men began with the first forms of human life. The reversal of this until women fight among themselves for social distinction and men's favor, when the match-making has come to be done by women and not by men, when the woman is the gorgeous victor and the man the humble means of paying for her adornment—all these things and more must be reversed and the old sex attitude restored before the merchant tailors can have their way.

Jersey Justice and New York's To the Editor of The Evening World: When John Jones, fruit peddler, shoots or stabs Joe Smith, rag collector, he is held to court, gets a trial, straight, honest, swift trial. If guilty he dies. If innocent he goes free. If second degree murder can be proven he goes to prison. In the State of New Jersey quick, sure justice is meted out. Now, why in the case of Thaw cannot the plain facts, their justification or lack thereof, the attendant circumstances, &c., be set forth briefly, honestly to both sides and a verdict rendered for or against the accused? Justice is usually typified as blindfolded. She seems to have slipped the bandage up over one eye more than once in this criminalizing between fruit peddler and man of importance and given the latter the benefit of a longer, more spectacular trial. Were Thaw on trial in my native State of New Jersey he would be free or convicted or now

POL ECKON.

Subway Sheep. To the Editor of The Evening World: While we write helpless under the overcrowding and under-speeding of the subway, that road's promoters seem too busy counting and stacking our nickels to hear or heed our plaint. Too few ticket agents. That delays us at the start. Too few turnstiles. That means further delay. Bad arrangements at the Grand Central subway station. Still more delay. Insolent guards and station hands and a crowd

rendered cross by delay. That adds to the bother. Express trains half an hour late and people losing their jobs by coming late to the office or store. And we endure it all, we sheep. E. A. GARNER, JR.

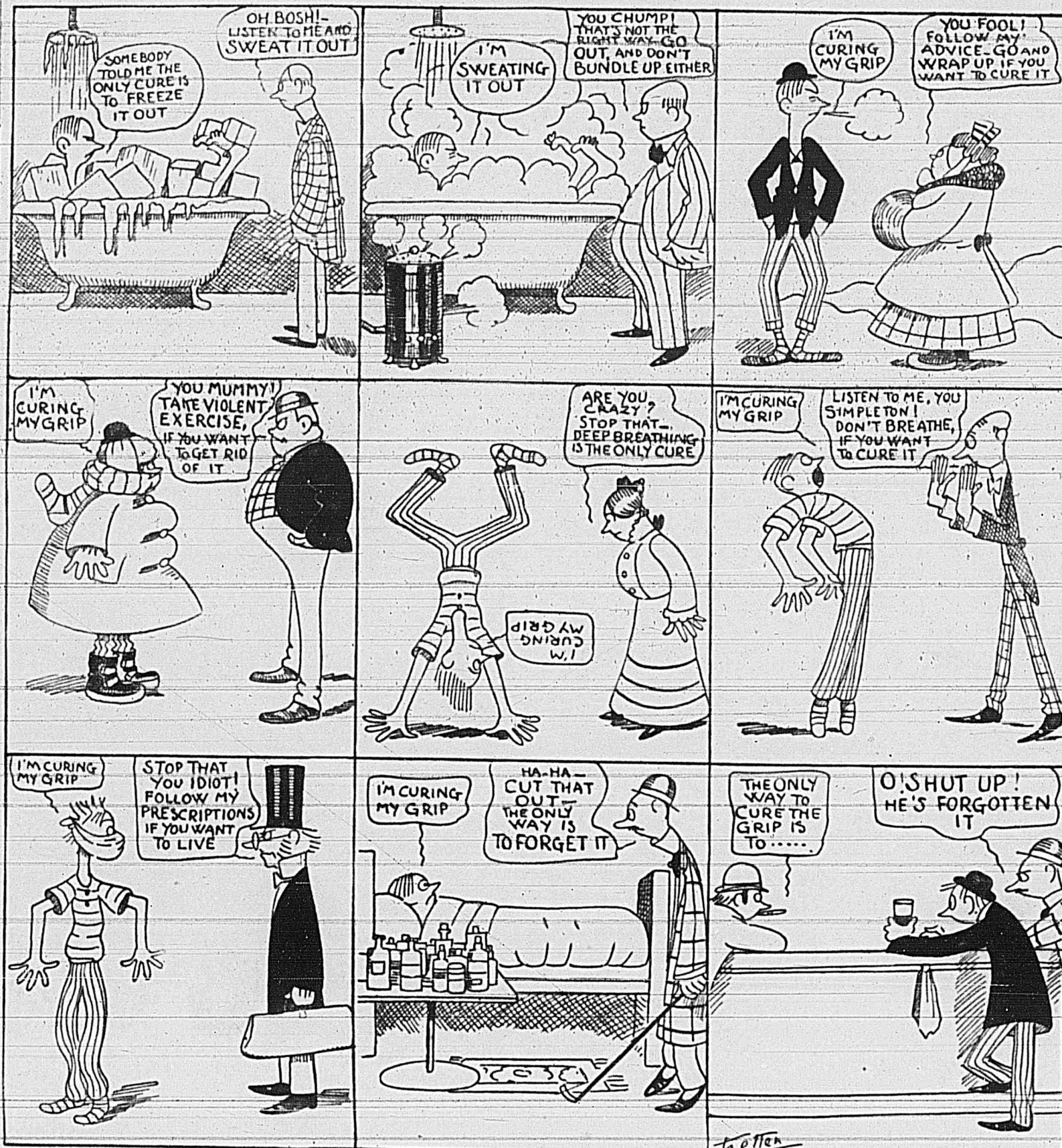
Brooklyn Hoodlums. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to complain against the Brooklyn police. While I was passing White Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, yesterday morning I saw a mob of rowdies throwing blocks of ice at every passer-by. A piece of ice struck me on the head and I fell. They never let up throwing. I was made unconscious by the first blow and a kind person carried me into his house. It took over half an hour to get me to my senses. During all that time there was not a policeman in sight and the gang was still at its mean work. It happened yesterday between 10 and 12 A. M. B. BURKE, 233 Second Street.

The Four Weights. To the Editor of The Evening World: "P. C. A." asks for four weights which together weigh 40 pounds and which will weigh any amount from 1 to 40 pounds. They are 1, 3, 9 and 27 pounds weights and are used in the following manner: To weigh 6 pounds, put 3 pounds on one side of the scales and the 3 and 1 (=4) on the other. This makes a difference of 6 pounds, which can then be weighed. Or to weigh 25 pounds, put 27 and 1 (=28) on one side and 3 on the other, making a difference of 25 pounds, and so on.

CHARLES J. SAMAGLIA.

How to Cure the Grip.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

By Roy L. McCordell

"H. E. M." said Mr. Jarr, dubiously, "er-er, um!"
"For goodness sake! Stop muttering and spluttering; you make me nervous!" said Mrs. Jarr.
"What is it you want to say?"
"Oh, nothing—that is, er-well, never mind," said Mr. Jarr feebly.
Mrs. Jarr gave him a searching glance. "Have you been drinking, Edward Jarr?" she asked.
Mr. Jarr had not been drinking. With that courage that bespeaks a clear conscience he defied the allegator.
"Have you been betting on anything and lost your money like you did on the election?" asked Mrs. Jarr.
Mr. Jarr hadn't been betting and losing his money. He reminded Mrs. Jarr that he'd given her every cent he had except car fare this week. Besides, he had won, not lost money on the late election. She should remember, as he had turned over the winnings to her.
Mrs. Jarr shook her head dubiously. "Well," she said, "what is it, then?"
Mr. Jarr smiled a sickly smile and said it really was nothing, only—
"Only what?" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "Speak out, I am prepared for the worst!"
"Well," replied Mr. Jarr, "I was just going to ask you if you would object to my going to the Elk's banquet at the Waldorf Saturday night?"
"Why should I object?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Do I interfere with your going anywhere or doing anything?"
"Why, no," said Mrs. Jarr, "only I thought if you'd prefer that I shouldn't go, you know we had an engagement to go to the McCutcheon's Saturday night."
Mrs. Jarr gave him such a look! "What does any engagement you make with me matter to you?" she asked.
"That's exactly why I asked you," said Mr. Jarr.
"And you keep promises you make with your men friends!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.
Jarr. "There was no need for you to stammer and stutter. What control have I over my actions? Night after night you go out leaving me alone in this house!"
"But I won't go if you would prefer I wouldn't," said Mr. Jarr.
"Leaving me alone in this house!" continued Mrs. Jarr, paying no attention to him—"leaving me alone in this house, wondering whether you have been run over by a street car, or if you have fallen down and broken your legs."
"Mr. Dill went out to buy some flower-pots and what he wanted with flower-pots this time of year I don't know—and he fell down and sprained his ankle, and now do we know whose turn next?" said Mr. Jarr.
"But you WILL go!" said Mrs. Jarr, decisively. "Do you think I will have you stay away because you do not want to go, so's you can trill me all the rest of my days that I objected to your dissipation?"
"What are you talking so foolish for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "A lot of ladies attend those banquets. The gallery is full of them. I can get you a box in the gallery and you can enjoy the speeches."
"Huh!" said Mrs. Jarr, contemptuously, "and look down on you men feasting below, while we women are supposed to be grateful when, after watching you for over an hour, you bring us up a half-melted ice, and then we have to listen to a lot of speeches, and, anyway, I've nothing to wear, and I'm not going to be made a show of sitting up there in my old tuds, while all around me are women with diamonds and fine dresses."
"Oh, well, I won't go, then," said Mr. Jarr, "if that's the way you look at it."
"Do as you please," said Mrs. Jarr, carelessly. "I see you only want to fuss with me, whether you do or whether you don't go. So I say so, and then you will enjoy quarrelling at me about it."
"I won't go, and you'll see!" said Mr. Jarr, as he departed for his office.
"Let me see!" mused Mrs. Jarr, as the door closed behind him. His white evening waistcoat was back from the laundry, and how fortunate that my new dress came yesterday. I do enjoy those Elk banquets!"

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 15—CHARLES MARTEL, the Man Who Made France. A young nobleman found himself, in 714, disinherited, shunned, suspected of murder and with no prospects of future betterment. He was Charles, son of Duke Pepin of Austrasia, Chancellor to the King of France. A few years later Charles was hailed as ruler and preserver of his country.

France (or Gaul) had had a turbulent history. Settled in early days by savage Gallic tribes, it had been conquered by Julius Caesar and annexed to the Roman Empire. Until late in the fourth century A. D. it remained a province of Rome. Then, made bold by the empire's growing weakness, the Gauls sought to throw off the Roman yoke. Rebellions, savage invasions, intrigues and violence filled in the next hundred years or more. A confederacy of Teutonic tribes, known as Free-Men ("Franks") at last conquered most of Gaul and founded a Frankish, or French kingdom. Their greatest chief, Clovis, in 486 defeated the last Roman Governor there, became converted to Christianity, won the throne of Gaul and founded the Merovingian line of kings. But within two centuries the kingdom once more dissolved into petty states and racked by civil war. Out of these wars rose, as conqueror and foremost figure of the day, Pepin d'Héristal, Duke of Austrasia.

The Merovingian kings still nominally governed France, but they had become more figure-heads, the real government being in the hands of chancellors, or "Mayors of the Palace," as they were called. Pepin, the Chancellor, had two sons, of whom Charles was the younger. Charles' youth had been wild, his misdeeds many and his boyhood escapades were crowned by the suspicion that he was directly responsible for the assassination of his elder brother. This was not exactly the sort of record to qualify a man for governing so turbulent a country or for following out d'Héristal's life work. Pepin realized this. On his death, in 714, he disinherited the twenty-five-year-old Charles, leaving the Chancellors to one of his grandsons and the regency of the dukedom to his wife. Charles was an outcast.

Then set in a wild period of anarchy. Austrasia was one of the most important provinces in all France, and around it centred many national hopes and ambitions. The people rose in rebellion, fiercely refusing to be governed by a baby and a woman. Pepin's arrangements were utterly set at naught by the popular voice, and, after a few months of lawlessness and riot, Charles was chosen Duke by popular acclaim.

Now it was that the dissolute lad's true character shone forth. Responsibility and power, as has so often been the case in history, made a man and a hero of him. He became a warrior, and scarcely knew another day of peace from then on until his death, twenty-seven years later. The Duchy of Neustria was Austrasia's foremost rival among the French states. Charles overcame the Neustrians and made himself Chancellor of the kingdom. He later entered the Duchy of Aquitaine and subdued it. He stretched the boundaries of his territory southward to the Loire and north and east to the Rhine.

The Bavarians, Saxons and other Teutonic tribes had begun to plunder the borders of the Frankish realm. Charles beat them back and forced the German barbarians to embrace Christianity. The Saracens, from northern Africa, had for many years been hurling armies and bodies of colonists across the Straits of Gibraltar into Europe. There they had at first ravaged and later made permanent settlements. Spain was their headquarters, and by force of arms and numbers they threatened to crush out Christianity and native European rule. Of late, however, they had looked covetously on the fertile lands of southern France and planned to make that country a second Mahometan Arab province. Their prophet, Mahomet, had claimed to be God's representative on earth. His followers, filled with fanatical zeal, had already conquered much of the Orient, and now had ideas of annexing Spain, France, Germany and Italy to the Ottoman Empire. In 732 a huge Saracen army crossed the Pyrenees from Spain as an advance guard of this proposed wave of world conquest. They marched northward, spreading over the whole land, slaying, burning, conquering as they came. Civilization looked on in horror and despair. No force seemed strong enough to check the avalanche of invasion. Progress and Christianity alike were about to be forever swept from Europe and the banner of Mahomet to succeed that of the Cross.

Then it was that Charles, the former outcast and suspected murderer, saved France and all Europe for civilization and for the Christian religion. He raised an army, promising rich estates to all leaders who would join him, and marched southward against the infidel. Christian and Mahometan forces met near Tours, and one of the great battles of history was fought, a battle on whose result hung the fate of the world. Charles, leading his army in person, charged through the Saracen ranks, crushing helmeted heads like eggshells with his great battle-axe, and so inspiring his followers that they beat back the invading Arabs with terrible slaughter, entirely routing the Saracen host and ending forever the Moslems' chances of mastering Europe. For his valor in this battle and for the tremendous blows he struck Charles received the nickname of Martel (the Hammer).

Soon after this Thierry IV, last of the Merovingian puppet kings, died. But Charles, though he did not go through the form of appointing a successor, refused to claim the throne, preferring his title of Duke and his nickname of "the Hammer." And so he continued his career of warfare against frontier invaders until his death, in 741. His son, Pepin, took the rank of king and his grandson, Charlemagne, eclipsed the fame of all his predecessors.

Nevertheless, to Charles Martel France owed the founding of its real kingdom; to him Europe owed its freedom from Saracen conquest, and Christianity perhaps owes to him the greatest debt of all.

Time Yourself Reading This.

1/2 MINUTES with GREAT MEN

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

LIFE is a struggle; be ever prepared for any event. Reflect on the sources of people's opinions and feelings and you will experience neither annoyance when they blame nor satisfaction when they praise. Whatever be your suffering, reflect that pain implies no scandal; nothing that need soil the soul. It cannot last and at the same time prove intolerable. Remember, too, when annoyed by other matters, not even painful, to rouse and prove yourself a man. Take heed then not to retort the sentiments of the wicked.

Nature has framed you so that you may discern your duty and perform it. Happiness lies in narrow compass. You may fall as a naturalist or gladiator, but nothing need prevent you from being modest, free, obedient to God and well disposed toward man.

Pointed Paragraphs.

HIGH balls have had many a man low. Wealth doesn't bring happiness—so we have been told. Many a widow's heart has been rewarmed by an old flame. Might doesn't always make right, but it usually makes money. There are many men of many minds; some even mind their own business. When a man begins to sneer at everything he has outlived his usefulness. Don't worry about what a man has done; get a line on what he is going to do. He who does things may make mistakes, but he who does nothing makes a big mistake. Some men never rise in the world because they are afflicted with chronic dizziness. This isn't such a bad old world after all. Just think of what might happen that never does. And fortunate is the man who doesn't have to pay a dressmaker for recovering his missing rib. When a man tells you that all he asks is a chance it's a safe bet that he is looking for a lead-pipe cinch. —Chicago News.

A Quartet of Odd Facts.

NORWAY has a thoroughly democratic court with no hereditary distinctions or titles. Queen Maud's mistress of the robes and ladies in waiting are each plain "Mrs." Roughly speaking, wheat has doubled in price since the year 1870. This applies to the whole world. In the first eighty years of the last century the English Parliament made 27,000 different laws. About 1,600 whales are killed yearly. Each yields on an average over 2 gallons of oil.